

I am your daughter
your mother
your sister
your wife.

I am your lover
your teacher
your midwife
your aunt.

I am your fantasy
your reality
your projection
your transference.

I am your grandmother
your godmother.

I am the circle
the triangle
the spiral
the mandorla.

Your angel
your devil
your glory
your temptation.

Your voice
your silence
your rage
your acquiescence.

I am your desire.
I am your forbidden.
I am your temple
your altar
your worship
your holy of holies.

I am your pleasure
your pain
your agony
your ecstasy.

I am all denial
all knowledge
the known
the unknown
the unknowable.

I am your growing edge
your fragility
your forgotten strength.

I am the holy virgin
the sacred whore
the goddess.

I am your wholeness.
I am your healing.
I am your divinity.
I am the feminine.

— Sheila Longo Petruccelli